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building is adequate. The Vice Consul, Mr. William H. Holm, impressed me favorably. He previously served in Ethiopia and Somaliland. There are three local employees, one of whom, Mr. Portch, has been employed by the State Department since 1929. The number of visas issued by this office in 1962 was 2196.

We visited the local museum. There was an exhibition of modern painting, as well as a show of John Opie's portraits. I was impressed by the latter, as well as by the splendid collections of china and silver. I dined on the evening train to London.

November 24, 1962 - Saturday

Went to the office this morning, then to a rendezvous at Robert Lutyens' for my portrait.

Helen and Walter Lippmann, Patty and Jim Conant, came out this afternoon. I was much interested in their talk, particularly about the possible development of a neutron bomb, capable of destroying human beings but with no radioactive after effects.

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PAPERS

November 25, 1962 - Sunday

Went to the office this morning, then to Lutyens' studio.

November 26, 1962 - Monday

As has happened for several days, there was dense fog this morning. I was delayed in taking off from London Airport. This was perhaps fortunate, for there was the usual brouhaha at the last moment about incoming cables that needed answering. The number of American officials being wafted around by world airlines shows no sign of diminishing. I am slated to entertain some of them next week, but as rapidly as I make arrangements to feed and liquor them, they change their dates.

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in business, and in OSS, for more than thirty years. He is a wonderful character. His habits are regular and conservative, which makes it the more inexplicable that in his early fifties he so narrowly escaped death in such a fashion.

Went to Lutyens this morning for the completion of my sittings. I have spent altogether only five hours there, and am delighted with the result. In addition, I have greatly enjoyed conversing with him. He is doing a quick portrait of Alfred Lunt; I am much taken with it.

Ted Heath lunched with me; subsequently I sent off this telegram to George Ball:

To the office shortly after four for three hours of work. Found a packet of books from Heywood Hill, containing Les Pavillons by Cyril Connolly and Jerome Zerbe (with photographs of our former Versailles house, La Lanterne), The English Face by David Piper (Oscar Wilde said of the English face: "Once seen, never remembered"), David Garrick by Carola Oman, and Queen of Caprice by Paul Lewis.

Christian Hesketh came to dine with us tonight.

Amongst other oddities, I have received a memorandum as follows:

"SUBJECT: Rooney Luncheon, December 10.

It has been indicated that due to Congressman Rooney's preference for plain and simple food - no 'exotic' dishes, please - the following menu would seem appropriate:

Tomato juice or a thin soup
Roast Beef
Mashed potatoes and gravy
One simple green vegetable
No salad
Vanilla ice cream with chocolate sauce, separately
Coffee
Ballantine Scotch available for times of need.

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[redacted] and I lunched with Dora and Hugh Gaitskell at their invitation, in their house in Hampstead. After running through the fog, we arrived in Frognall Gardens to find the sun out and the air clear. Hugh talked to me at length about the Common Market and the reasons for his opposition to UK entry unless the conditions laid down by him are satisfied. In my opinion, there is no chance of Heath obtaining such satisfaction. He is concerned over adverse comments on his stand by American friends and newspapers. He said he wished to write President Kennedy a letter, explaining his position, which I promised to forward for him. He is going over to the United States in February to lecture. He also told me he was thinking of accepting an invitation for a visit to Russia. In spite of our differing views on some subjects, I enjoyed immensely seeing him. He is a gay, stimulating companion.

Tonight I was the guest of Mr. Leslie Hale, who gave me a dinner at the House of Commons, attended by what he called "a fairly tough party of Labour Members." In addition to Mr. Hale and myself, there were twelve others invited, representing what is more or less the extreme left wing of the Party. They were Barbara Castle, Miss Jennie Lee, Messrs. R. T. Paget, Harold Lever, Sydney Silverman, Michael Foot, John Rankin, [redacted] Mendelson, Malcolm Macmillan, Will Griffiths, Hugh Delargy, and Baxter. The dinner was great fun. I sat between Jennie Lee and Barbara Castle. The conversation was lively, but they let me off more lightly than they did each other. ~~The guests were obviously full of vitality~~ and overflowing with ideas. We had a long discussion of the respective merits of the British and American federal political systems, and wound up more or less in agreement that the institutions of neither country could be adapted ~~to the requirements~~ of the other. From [redacted] they knew of our congressional committee system, they thought it wasted a lot of time of officers of the Executive Branch. Here, where

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